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The Evening World

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1889.

A LOCAL STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST

The Mystery of Central Park,
BY
NELLIE BLY,
READ IT IN TO-DAY'S EVENING WORLD.

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In The Sunday World.

NELLIE BLY AT JOHNSTOWN.

The Story of How She Distributed \$10,000 to the Stricken Sufferers.

TO SAVE ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME.

Patriotic Efforts by the Women of Tennessee to Rescue the "Old Hermitage."

BEGIN IT NEXT SUNDAY.

WILKIE COLLINS'S GREATEST ROMANCE,

BLIND LOVE!

NOW RUNNING IN

THE SUNDAY WORLD.

In The Sunday World.

BILL NYE IN A PARIS MUSEE.

HE NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING LOCKED UP AS A NEW FREAK.

ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Great Artificial Highway Through the Dry Desert.

LAST EDITION WAS HE RESCUED?

Aeronaut Hogan May Be on an Outward Bound Vessel.

Two Pilots Saw Him Clinging to the Air-Ship.

He Waved a White Flag As If in Triumph.

This Was Before Pilot Phelan Saw the Wrecked Air-Ship.

The latest news of Campbell's air-ship was brought in this morning by the captain of the steamship Hogarth.

He made a statement to S. W. Houghton, Superintendent of the Maritime Exchange, saying that about 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, in latitude 35.14 and longitude 72.60 he sighted a white object in the firmament, floating and tossing about at the mercy of a strong breeze which was blowing at the time.

He and his sailors gazed at the lonely object through powerful glasses for two hours, before it disappeared.

They could not make out exactly what it was, but decided that it was a balloon.

Long strings of white object which was egg-shaped, and fluttered and whipped about in a mechanical sort of way.

There was no sign of a living being about the thing.

After coming into port and reading the account of Prof. Hogan and the air-ship, the captain of the Hogarth decided that it was the balloon of the ill-fated ship which he and his men saw, and so reported to Mr. Houghton.

Inventor Peter Campbell left his home in South Brooklyn at an early hour this morning to search for tidings of his lost air-ship and Prof. Hogan.

No further telegrams had been received by him since yesterday, and though all seems to point to Hogan's rescue, the captain of the Hogarth believes that he has been rescued and will show up safe and sound sooner or later.

His reason for this belief is the story which is told by Pilot Reardon, who was on board the balloon, that he saw the air-ship, and that he saw Hogan waving a white flag as if in triumph.

He also says that as the air-ship passed along the man hung out a white flag and waved it as much as to show that he was all right and did not want help.

No other vessels were in sight at this time, but Capt. Phelan, who saw the balloon about two hours afterwards, says that at that time three vessels were in sight to the southwest.

The balloon must have passed them, and Hogan's friends in Brooklyn think that very possibly he may have been rescued by one of them, probably the one which was outward-bound.

In that case nothing would be heard of him till the vessel, which is unknown, reaches its destination.

William J. Fitzpatrick, of 451 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, who is a neighbor and friend of Mr. Campbell, said that while it was very strange that Hogan should have refused assistance, yet it was like him never to give up till the last moment.

He knew Hogan well, and said that he was a man of iron nerve and courage.

At the time he met the first pilot-boat he probably thought he was safe, or that as he was in the way of coming ashore, he would hang on as long as he could in hope of meeting other craft further on, and so get more credit for his daring act.

The story that he might have been suffocated by escaping gas is scouted on every side, and the theory now is that the propeller or steering apparatus got out of order soon after the ascent was made, and Hogan lost control of the machine in consequence.

Mrs. Burrill, the wife of the Treasurer of the Air-Ship Company, was very much affected when she reported to The Evening World called at the house this morning. She wailed hysterically and said it was cruel to send a man on such a dangerous trip. Her husband knew nothing of the ascent until after it had taken place.

Read the Clara Belle Letter in tomorrow's "Evening World."

THE MASHER HELD.

Mrs. Freedley's Persecutor in Jefferson Market Police Court.

The Lady Compromised by Her Landlady's Testimony.

All Women Should Be Protected from Mashers, Says Judge Gorman.

A very handsome, stylishly dressed young woman stood before a clerk in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning and entered a complaint against a well-built, light complexioned, good-looking man who occupied one of the rear seats in the court-room with a couple of friends.

The woman was Mrs. Cora Freedley, of 348 West Thirty-second street. The man was Arthur Hartford, President of a steel rail manufacturing company, the whereabouts of which, however, could not be ascertained.

Mrs. Freedley complained that Mr. Hartford had stopped her on the street several times and persisted in speaking to her. According to her story she first saw him on Fourteenth street about a week ago. He stepped up and, with a winning smile, said:

"Excuse me, but haven't I met you before?"

Mrs. Freedley did not notice him, and walked on. Monday evening, after procuring her mail from the St. James Hotel, she walked up Broadway. In front of the Coleman House she again met Hartford. He spoke to her again.

She turned on him indignantly: "You have made a mistake. I have never met you anywhere before."

She continued walking up to Thirty-fourth street with the persistent masher close behind her. At the corner of Thirty-fourth street he stepped up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Now look here," he said, "I want you to go with me and do as I say, for I am a detective and will lock you up if you don't."

"What do you mean? What have I done?" she cried.

"I don't mean any difference. I want you to go with me."

"I won't go. I don't know you. Go away, please."

"If you don't go with me," he replied, threateningly, "I'll have you railroaded to Blackwell's Island."

She broke away from him, she says, and fled down the avenue, very much frightened.

Yesterday she made up her mind that his advances must cease. She called on Supt. Murray late in the afternoon, and after she had told her story Detective Sergt. Hanley was sent along with her. They walked down Broadway about 7 o'clock last night. When opposite the Coleman House Mrs. Freedley suddenly grasped the detective's arm.

"There is he," she whispered excitedly. Hanley walked up to the man. "See here," he said, "I want a few words with you."

"I don't care to talk to you," replied Hartford, at the same time bestowing a winning smile on Mrs. Freedley, who looked at the masher in disgust.

"But I want you to talk to me," said Hanley, "I am an officer, and if you make trouble I shall be obliged to arrest you."

"I don't care a—who you are, and you can't arrest me either," said Hartford, in a defiant tone.

Hanley, seeing there would be trouble, called Policeman Thompson to his assistance, and together they took Hartford to the Thirtieth street police station.

Mrs. Freedley's pretty eyes were filled with tears when she finished her story, and Hartford's lawyer immediately subjected her to a terrible cross-examination. She answered every question without the least hesitancy, and convinced every one that she was telling the truth.

"Where is your husband?" asked the lawyer.

"He is in Boston."

"You are sure he is there?"

"He was when I left him six weeks ago."

At this juncture a small, pale-faced woman came upon the stand and testified that she was the landlady of No. 348 West Thirty-second street. Her name was Mrs. Essinger.

"Do you know this woman?" asked the lawyer, pointing to Mrs. Freedley.

"Yes, she is Mrs. Parker."

"Do you know her husband?"

"Yes, he is waiting at my house for her now."

Then the lawyer burst into a tirade against Mrs. Freedley, claiming that she had perjured herself and that her arrest was made for the purpose of blackmail.

"She swears that her husband is in Boston, while she knows that he is waiting for her in Thirty-second street."

"But," put in Judge Gorman, very quietly, "you haven't proved that her husband is not in Boston. Even were she worse than you try to make her out to be, this man has no right to stop her in the street. I shall hold him in \$300 bail for trial."

The Evening World man learned later that Mrs. Freedley had had difficulty with her husband in Boston and had left him. It was not learned that Mr. Parker was her husband, but she probably prefers his society to that of Mr. Freedley.

Hartford is said to be wealthy, and his friends claim that he is innocent, though circumstances seem to point the other way. He was hauled out by Dr. Sheffield, the dentist, of Forty-second street and Sixth avenue. He refused to converse with reporters.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read "Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

\$24,500 IN A PARCEL

A Dead Bowery Tramp's Legacy to His Brothers.

His Life Devoted to the Care of a Brown Paper Package.

Conspicuous Honesty of His Executor, a Fellow-Lodger.

A valuable scrap of paper is on file in the Register's office. Half a sheet of common notebook paper, signed "John A. Beer," contained the testamentary disposition of his estate by an old man who died in Bellevue Hospital a month ago.

For fifteen years the New England Hotel, a cheap lodging-house on the Bowery, has been the home of an old slovenly tramp of a marked individuality.

This is the man of whom the Register's office has the scrap of paper. One of them was for the "slovenly-looking old thing," a suit made up of a dozen pieces, to amuse up to the clerk in the hotel every Saturday and Sunday and him the exact amount of his week's board bill.

Work he did none. He was frugal to miserliness. Sometimes he would go into a cheap wash-house and scrub a quarter for a feast. This was one of his most luxurious extravaganzas.

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